

# The Breach of the Dark Portal

by Writer of Despair

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Summary: A short story where the forces of Azeroth charges through the Dark Portal in retaliation to the Iron Horde assault. The massacre that follows will change the survivors forever as the reality of war is revealed to Nihilia. A young vindicator that only recently completed her training. Assigned to the 157th 'Wild Tempest' Company, she charges.

## The Breach of the Dark Portal

**\*\*The Breach of the Portal\*\***

Written by a Writer of Despair

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><p>An endless red stream of stars flowed around the Vindicator as she made way with the company, onwards through the bonds of space and time of which endless power could not hope to sever their resolve in this just crusade. Time. Fleeting and eternal, stopped for a moment. It was then that she saw it, that moment where the stars of the vast universe are seen as the dark portal is crossed, going backwards as if she was begin rejected by it. Yet she was sure of her advancing, as the Lieutenant rushed through alongside the soldiers of the alliance, her begin one of them.<p>

She heard the rumors, but to her they were just that, rumors. Of this new Horde coming not from Outland, but from it's former glory, from Draenor. Sure it would explain much but not all. Just enough for her to think.

Would she return to the home she had missed for so long? Was it really the same place her kind left behind? Hope and anticipation filled her heart as she felt the wind once more, her eyes adapting to the new environment.

No. No it wasn't. It couldn't be.

All she could see was a reminder, a grim, red and dark wake up call.  
The war.

Her first steps were soon halted by a corpse under her hooves, soft and cold. She did not look down, it wasn't important. It did not have an identity anymore, like the hundreds more in front of her eyes. She heard the lieutenant shout something, but she couldn't see him anymore, nor she could hear through the overwhelming deafening thunder of the war. overwhelmed by the soldiers behind her running into the fight, almost trampling her. Sword in hand, courage in heart. She charged.

An orc. Just a few steps below the stairs. She was above, advantaged. She looked at him through the visor of her helmet, he looked straight back, not hesitating a second and neither did she. Rushing towards each other like they weren't people anymore. Killing machines of different colors with the same purpose.

She held the sword forward and went to abuse her advantage from her elevated position. An obvious move the orc had anticipated as he halted his charge for a moment, letting her swing, and then jumping ahead straight on her. The orc, his armor. Too heavy. She fell on the stairs, her helm hitting the stone, protecting her skull.

She focused the light into the armor, making it glow so bright the orc closed his eyes, giving her a chance to counter his strength. They both fell downstairs, her armor taking every blow, dented and abused. She fell full weight on the cold stone as her sight blurred for a few instants.

She heard screams from every race, explosions. The artillery sliced the skies with a white glow from the heavens, anticipating hell on earth as the shells fell on the earth, claiming the souls. Their bodies flying with the dust bursting from the ground as the fire reached out to them. Smokes of burned flesh and gunpowder filled her lungs as she witnessed the scene, raising from a pool of red blood. Not hers. She looked around, finding her opponent.

He lay there, on the cold stone, bleeding with frozen legs and twitching arms. Not as lucky as she was. He stared at her, eyes without hate and devoid of fighting spirit. His hand trying to lift the axe, unable to.

"uruk..uruk...uruk"

She limped above him, not understanding. Her blade raised for the red sky.

He gave a nod. The great-sword befell on his heart.

The orc did not scream, or whine. His lips covered in his own blood as his eyes rolled backwards into the skull, a tear down his cheek. His soul leaving him as the sorrow of his tears swept the hate he no longer needed. She froze there, observing the orc crying to death. This was not a demon, or a sha. A person like her. With a soul and a dream, a purpose and a cause he died for. This is the war she joined.

She pulled the sword out in disgust, the blood flowing out and

drenching her hooves. She took long breaths, in and out. As she listened to the chaos, holding back her disgust from filling her throat. Then she saw them. The Iron Horde. Countless. An enormous swarm of ravaging orcs killing their way through the ranks, slaughtering, savaging, burning and harvesting the souls of her people. She looked up, pits of terror where the innocent were thrown into, feeding the portal. Their screams, their burned flesh filling the air. She would die here. It was too much.

Yet the Vindicator charged. It was her purpose, it was everything she had struggled for. Paragon of the Naaru, fighting to let no more be sacrificed. Fighting for the martyrs that did not yielded to the harsh reality of war. To fight forever and ever, forgetting herself and her sorrow. No more Nihilia, neither of them. Only the will of the Naaru and it's light. For peace to return, a war had to be fought.

Like that, judgment was delivered. Orc after orc after orc. The jungle burning, the skies soaring red and the ground bleeding the despair of the dead. For hours that felt an eternity. She took arrows, swings, throws. She could feel the arms turning numb, the legs stiff. The armor yielding. Death approaching. The stench of blood, its taste. The screams of the war. No more will it corrupt her. No more will she dwell in the misery of those losses. There was only her duty, only light's retribution. Protect and judge. Protect and judge. Protect and judge.

A voice saved her from that limbo. Was it the Naaru? No. A scream much more human. Much closer, but it sounded just as graceful and serene in her ears.

"Retreat! To the ships!"

The Vindicator followed suit as she rushed through the screams and the pools of blood. Soon after she would see familiar faces, soldiers of the Wild Tempest taking their lives back from that suicide as they reached the shores. But not in the way the vindicator wished or imagined.

On the shores, there was no alliance ship. No blue banner with the reassuring golden lion. Only red of blood and black of the smocking Iron Horde ship's machinery.

>It was clear that freedom had to be earned. Most of the enemy troops already landed and rushed to the field but the rest of the crew fired their artillery on the helpless soldiers. The shots were deafening, the screams of the soldiers falling to the artillery just as much. The firing rate however, wasn't fast. They had a chance. Some of them at least. Of the countless units that rushed for that ship, only the 157th unit and few remains of other ones managed to get on board. The \*cling\* of the weapons clashing on each other echoed through the halls of the vessel, the commanders of both factions shouting orders at their equally desperate troops. It all happened so fast, so sudden. The vindicator delivered judgment to her foes with the wrath of the divine, but her mortal shell could not keep up. Her arms grew weak as she leaned on a comrade of which face she could not see through the blur of exhaustion. One of the Tempest? A soldier? Who are you..<p>

Her body, having delivered the light on the battlefield for as much as her mortal vessel could handle, fell into darkness, passing out.

She would awake only hours later on a cold foggy sea, to an unknown destination.

And she knew, that it was only the beginning.

End  
file.